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G A R L A N D

Of Three New Songs.

Doctor Stafford.

SWEET MAYO.

For Lack of Gold.



Printed for J. Sinclair, Dunfries

Doctor Stafford.

One ev'ning as I walked down
by the rock of Mache,
I having all things ready just
going to see a friend;
It's there I spied a young man
of wit and beauty bright,
And to my sad misfortune he's
prov'd my hearts delight.

I cannot blame this young man
because he does not know,
I'm afraid the want of money
will be my overthrow;
I'm afraid the want of money
will my sad ruin prove;
One look from his sweet glances
would cure the pain of love.

Will send for doctor Richardson
 he being a man of skill
 To see the weaver's daughter
 whoes lying very ill,
 To see the weaver's daughter
 on sick bed as she lay
 All for the doctor's prentice who
 stole her heart away.

It's in came doctor Richardson,
 likewise his brother John,
 Likewise the doctor's prentice
 when they all came in,
 They came into her bed side and
 stood all in a row,
 But when she saw young Stafford
 her colour pale did grow.

She lifted up her hand from
 the pillow where she lay,
 She said young doctor Stafford
 love, hand a drink to me
 He handed her a drink, and not
 one word did he say,

Tears came rollin down his cheeks
on the pillow where she lay.

She lifted up her head, with a
havey sigh said she,
I pray young doctor Stafford love
use me tenderly ;
For I am sick and very bad and
in a deep decay,
I said my dear if you be spar'd
its married we will be.

He slipped off his shoes and
softly went behind,
And for three weeks and better
he did her attend,
The last words she spake her
voice was slow but clear,
All goodness be my darlings guide
he's the boy that I love dear.
I am a sporting young man, scarce
eighteen years of age;

And many a pritty girl did with
me engage;

Many a pritty girl has falin
in love with me;

But the weaver's daughter lov'd
me best, she died for love of me.

One evening as I walked down
by her father's land,

A waft came o'er my shoulder
which put me to a stand,

The neighbours they do say that
her spirit it haunts me,

But I'm sure thy're wrong she left
no blame on me.

Its stright way in Bedlam this
young man was confined,

Quite bereft of his senses, and in
iron chains are bound,

Her spirit came unto him saying
young man revive,

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For I ne're was ordained to be
your wedded wife.

SWEET MAYO.

ALL alongst yoner valley one evening of late,
Where Flora's gay mantle the fields decorate,
I carelessly wandered and where did not know,
Till I came to a clear fountain hard by sweet Mayo.

She who the prize of mount Iddo had won,
There approached a female as bright as the sun,
The lines and the poles all around her did show,
You'd think that bright Phoebus was found in Mayo.
With courage undaunted to her I drew nigh,
The primrose and daisy they seemed to envy,
I asked her name kindly, and where she did go,
The answer she made me I'm bound for Mayo.

I said lovely maid your enchanting smiles,
And this lonesome valley my heart has begiled,
If your kind affection on me you'll bestow,
We'll bless the happy hour we meet at Mayo.

I had a sweetheart, but now I have none,
In defence of his country through the world strong
may Providence protect him from his daring foe,
And I hope to meet him safe back at Mayo.

It's if your true lover to the war he is gone,
It's for his return it is just ten one,
To embrace these kind offers love, gentle gales blow

is better than hazard ten chances you know,

The powers of France, love, is hard to pull down,
 causes may a brave fellow in his gore to lie down,
 and if that your sweetheart might happen so
 if this be the case love, we'll ne,er see Mayo.

I would encounter for to go with thee,
 The world might blame me for my unconstancey,
 besides my own darling when he would come to know
 With great consternation he would cry out o no.

If my love falls a victim to his enemy,
 With grief and vexation I'll mourn constantly,
 lamenting the loss of that gallant hero.

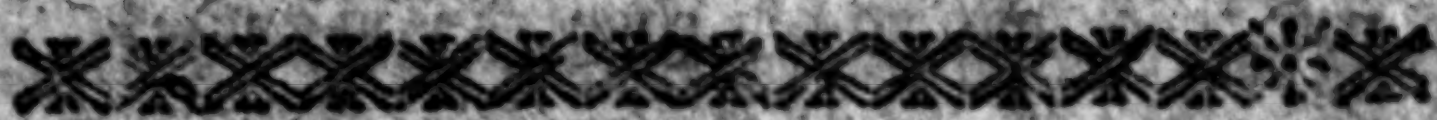
thro' wild glens and valleys I'll constantly go,

Young men they will flatter and say their undone,
 Tho' soft melting words will drop down from their
 tongue,

They will call you their darling, their joy and their store
 Grant me but you love and I'll ask no more. [store,

Let my love down at the foot of a hill,
 being impatient my mind to fulfil,
 haul'd down her mizen top, gallant also,
 and reefing her main sail she cries out my o.

parted with this damsel hoping to meet again,
 and homewards came stepping down by a clear stream
 called at James Warren's, at the bridge of Mayo,
 Where a glass of real whisky did clear all my woe.



For Lack Gold.

For the lack of gold she's left me, o,
 And all that's dear bereft me, o;
 She me forsook for a great duke.
 And to endless cares has left me, o,

A star and garter have more art,
 Than youth, a true and faithfu' heart
 For empty titles we must part,
 And for glitt'ring show she's left me o

No cruel fair shall ever move
 My injur'd heart again to love;
 Through distant climats I must rove
 Since Jeany she's has left me, o.

Ye power above, I to your care
 Resign my faithless, lovely fair;
 Your choicest blessings be her share
 Though she has ever left me, o.

FINIS.